

FAMILY GUY

"Brian Goes Back to College
(And Stewie Goes With Him For Obvious Comedy Reasons)"

Production #4ACX18

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT

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**“BRIAN GOES BACK TO COLLEGE
(AND STEWIE GOES WITH HIM FOR OBVIOUS COMEDY
REASONS)”**

CAST LIST FOR #4ACX18:

PETER GRIFFIN.....	SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....	ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....	SETH GREEN (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
MEG GRIFFIN.....	MILA KUNIS (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....	SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....	SETH MACFARLANE
AMELIA.....	TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
ANNOUNCER.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
BUSINESSMAN #1.....	TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
BUSINESSMAN #2.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
BUSINESSMAN #3.....	TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
CLEVELAND.....	MIKE HENRY
CONVENTION GOER.....	TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
CUTE GIRL.....	TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
DEFENDANT.....	TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
EMCEE.....	TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
EXECUTIONER.....	TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
EXECUTIVE #1.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
EXECUTIVE #2.....	TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
FAMILY.....	TBD (SUB: MEIGHAN, SHERIDAN, CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
FATHER.....	TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
FEMALE BAR PATRON.....	TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
FEMALE STUDENT.....	TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
FEMALE VOICE.....	TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
FIELDING.....	TBD (SUB: WELLESLEY WILD)
FOREMAN.....	TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
GARY COLEMAN.....	TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
GOTH FRESHMAN.....	TBD (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)
GREASED-UP DEAF GUY.....	MIKE HENRY
GUY #1.....	TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
GUY #2.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
HAMBURGER HELPER.....	TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
HORACE.....	JOHNNY BRENNAN (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
INDIAN.....	TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
JAMES.....	CHRIS SHERIDAN
JOE.....	PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

JUDE LAW.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
 JUDGE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 LANCE.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
 LITTLE GIRL.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
 LIVINGSTON.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
 MALE BAR PATRON.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 MALE BASS.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 MOTHER.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
 OLDER BUSINESSMAN.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 ORTHODOX JEWISH MAN.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 PASSER-BY.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
 PATRIOT.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 PILGRIM.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 PLAINTIFF.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
 PROFESSOR.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
 QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
 QUADRIPLLEGIC WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
 QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
 ROOMMATE.....TBD (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)
 STUDENT WHO LOOKS LIKE BRIAN.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE
 TV ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
 VOICE.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
 WAITER.....TBD (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)
 WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
 WOMAN ON MOVIE SCREEN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)

ACT ONE

EXT/ESTAB. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The marquee reads "80's Television Convention - In loving memory of Ubu."

EXT. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER ENTRANCE - DAY

TOM TUCKER approaches the entrance wearing a suit and tie and holding a cowboy hat. He passes a CONVENTION GOER.

CONVENTION GOER

(TO TOM) Hey, Tom Tucker. Wow, you
look just like Magnum P.I.

TOM TUCKER

(VERY ANNOYED) I'm Matt Houston, you
jackass.

The GREASED-UP DEAF GUY streaks through wearing a red cape and a blonde afro wig.

GREASED-UP DEAF GUY

I'm the greatest American hero! I
lost the instructions to my suit! I
can't harness my super-powers!

PETER, JOE, QUAGMIRE and CLEVELAND walk in dressed as the A-Team. Peter is dressed as Hannibal.

PETER

A-Team roll call! Face?

QUAGMIRE

Here. And handsome.

PETER

Murdoch?

JOE

Here... and craaazy!

PETER

B.A.?

CLEVELAND

I pity the fool, but also suggest ways
he may better himself.

PETER

Guys, this convention's gonna be the
greatest event since the first
Thanksgiving.

EXT. PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A group of PILGRIMS and INDIANS share a meal together.

PILGRIM

(TO A NEARBY PILGRIM) Brother Miles,
would you please pass me the rolls?

INDIAN

Oh, allow me.

The Indian reaches toward a bowl of rolls and grabs one with
his hand, putting it on Pilgrim #1's plate.

PILGRIM

Ooh, uh, you know what? I just
remembered, I had a roll for
breakfast.

INT. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

The guys walk around the convention. BRIAN approaches
carrying a small note pad.

CLEVELAND

Brian, what are you doing here?

PETER

Aw, you look just like Alf!

BRIAN

Peter, I'm not Alf. (UNDER HIS BREATH)
Actually, I'm Douglas Brackman from
"L.A. Law."

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But I'm really here to write an article on the convention for the *Daily Shopper*.

PETER

Well, you'll have a lot to write about after we win that costume contest.

QUAGMIRE

(POINTS) Hey, check it out. Bill Cosby aerobics.

ANGLE ON A GROUP OF PEOPLE in brightly-colored sweaters doing a jerky "Cosby Show" shuffle against a grey background to the "Cosby Show" **theme**. TWO GUYS walk by, wearing pastel shirts, white blazers with rolled-up sleeves and espadrilles with no socks.

PETER

Hey, you guys are dressed like Miami Vice.

PASSER-BY

Nope, we're just gay.

JOE

(POINTS) And check it out, the flying book from "Amazing Stories."

ANGLE ON a red leather-bound book that flaps overhead, flying through the air like a bird.

ANGLE BACK ON Peter, as a white splatter-mark **hits** his shoulder from above.

PETER

Ew, magic book doodie.

INT. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER - LATER

In another part of the room an EMCEE steps onto a stage.

EMCEE

Okay, everyone. Alan Thicke will be up in a minute to answer your hate mail. But first, the winners of this year's costume contest... The A-Team with the real black guy!

Peter and the guys **cheer** and run on to the stage.

ANGLE ON a DISAPPOINTED A-TEAM with an ORTHODOX JEWISH MAN in a mohawk.

ORTHODOX JEWISH MAN

Well, you win some, you lose some.

Eh, we can still enjoy ourselves.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

ANGLE ON the *Quahog Daily Shopper*, with the headline that reads, "TV Convention Gets Good Reception, By Brian Griffin."

PULL OUT TO REVEAL the paper is in Lois' grocery bag, as she enters the house. Brian sits on the couch reading the newspaper.

LOIS

Brian, I read your article in the *Daily Shopper*. It was wonderful.

BRIAN

Don't oversell it, Lois. It's not even really a newspaper. It's just filler for a coupon mailer.

LOIS

No, it was good. It almost felt like it was written by a real writer.

Lois crosses out with the groceries.

ANGLE ON STEWIE, who sits in his high chair at the end of the table, wearing only his diaper and shirt.

STEWIE

I saw your article, too, Brian. I
liked it so much, I'm going to send a
letter to the editor.

Stewie sticks the *Daily Shopper* in the back of his diaper.

STEWIE

And I'm going to use my brown pen.
(STRAINS).

BRIAN

I don't have to defend myself to
someone whose imaginary friends have
stopped talking to him.

STEWIE

They have not stopped talking to me.
They're on vacation!

BRIAN

For a month and a half?

STEWIE

They got a good deal. (FIGHTS TEARS) I
hate you!

Stewie runs out, **crying**. The phone **rings** and Brian answers
it.

BRIAN

Hello? (BEAT) This is Brian.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE NEW YORKER - OFFICE - DAY

An effete-looking editor, WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON, is on the
phone in his posh office.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Brian! This is Wellesley Shepherdson,
I'm calling from the *New Yorker*.

(MORE)

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON (CONT'D)

Perhaps you've heard of us?

(PRETENTIOUS LAUGH)

BRIAN

O-of course I've heard of you.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

I was using the *Daily Shopper* to shoo away a homeless person and I saw your article. We'd love to talk to you about becoming a contributor. Why don't you come by tomorrow?

END INTERCUT:

BRIAN

Wow, yeah, that'd be great! (BEAT) All right, two o'clock. See you then.

Stewie re-enters as Brian hangs up the phone.

BRIAN

They want me to contribute to the *New Yorker*!

STEWIE

The *New Yorker*?! Oh, you'll fit in there as well as I did at Woodstock.

EXT. WOODSTOCK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A HIPPIE Stewie is on stage with an acoustic guitar. He addresses the crowd.

STEWIE

Excuse me, it's been brought to my attention that a few bad apples out there are smoking marijuana. I've got news for you my friend, marijuana's illegal. Not cool. Who's with me?

Stewie gets **hit** in the head with a tambourine.

EXT./ESTAB. THE NEW YORKER - DAY

INT. THE NEW YORKER - HALLWAY - SAME

Brian walks down a hall with Wellesley Shepherdson, who is reading the *Daily Shopper*.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(CHUCKLING) I see what you're doing here. You're not writing an article, you're writing as if a man who couldn't write an article is writing an article. Brilliant.

INT. THE NEW YORKER - WRITERS' LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Wellesley shows Brian into the well-appointed room. There are leather couches, club chairs, old books lining the walls, etc. The WRITERS sip tea and hold pipes, books and cigarette holders.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

And this is our writers' lounge where you'll meet some of our contributors. Fielding Wellingtonsworth.

ANGLE ON a stuffy-looking guy, FIELDING.

FIELDING

Hello.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Livingston Winsterford.

ADJUST TO another stuffy-looking guy, LIVINGSTON.

LIVINGSTON

Yes.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Amelia Bedford-Furthington-Chesterhill.

ADJUST TO a stuffy-looking woman, AMELIA.

AMELIA

Good day.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

And James William Bottomtooth.

ADJUST TO JAMES, a stuffy-looking guy with impossibly large bottom teeth who speaks in **pretentious, indecipherable babble**.

JAMES

(PRETENTIOUS BABBLE)

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Everyone, this is Brian. Our newest contributor.

BRIAN

Hi, there, how's it going?

FIELDING

Would you like some tea?

LIVINGSTON

Cigar?

AMELIA

Brandy?

JAMES

(PRETENTIOUS BABBLE)

BRIAN

Uh, no, I'm good, thanks.

JAMES

(PRETENTIOUS BABBLE)

BRIAN

Uh. Yeah.

AMELIA

We read your article, Brian. Your study in Post-Modern American Subcultures was quite illuminating.

BRIAN

Oh, well, thanks. That means a lot coming from you guys.

JAMES

(PRETENTIOUS BABBLE)?

BRIAN

Uh... I'm sorry?

JAMES

(PRETENTIOUS BABBLE)?

BRIAN

(LOOKS AROUND) Uh, yes?

JAMES

(PRETENTIOUS BABBLE AND LAUGH)

James toasts his brandy and pours some into his bottom jaw.

BRIAN

Uh, hey, is there a bathroom around here?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Yes, yes, follow me.

INT. THE NEW YORKER - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wellesley Shepherdson and Brian enter. Inside each stall is a wingback chair and an individual fireplace.

BRIAN

Uh... where are the toilets?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(AMUSED CHUCKLE) Oh, no one at the New
Yorker has an anus.

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

ANGLE ON the TV.

INT. RESTAURANT SET - DAY (ON TV)

A WAITER is taking the order of three YOUNG BUSINESSMEN and a
somewhat OLDER BUSINESSMAN.

WAITER

Would you like something to drink?

BUSINESSMAN #1

I'll have water, please.

BUSINESSMAN #2

I'll have water, too. But with lemon.

BUSINESSMAN #3

I'll have a Sam Adams.

OLDER BUSINESSMAN

It's nine-thirty in the morning.

BUSINESSMAN #2

And don't you have an outstanding DUI?

BUSINESSMAN #3

Yeah, but I gotta get the taste of
weed and hooker spit out of my mouth.

OLDER BUSINESSMAN

(BEAT, CONSIDERS) I'll have a Sam
Adams, too.

WHIP PAN to a PATRIOT at the bar.

PATRIOT

Samuel Adams. Always a good decision.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter and the guys drink at a table. Their costume contest trophy is on the table. Peter is still in costume, while everyone else is dressed normally. Cleveland's hair is just beginning to grow back in.

JOE

Peter, it's been two weeks. Don't you think it's time to take off your A-Team costume?

PETER

I guess so. But part of me wished we could just be the A-Team forever.

CLEVELAND

We all do, Peter.

ANGLE ON two BAR PATRONS at a table nearby.

FEMALE BAR PATRON

Honey, could you pick up the kids from soccer practice tomorrow?

MALE BAR PATRON

Shut up, bitch. (THEN) I'm sorry, honey, it's not you. It's this damn chair. It keeps wobbling. (WOBBLES IN HIS CHAIR) I think one of the legs is short.

HORACE

Lance, I told you to fix that chair.

ANGLE ON LANCE, the bus boy, from the waist up.

LANCE

I checked it earlier, it seems fine.

WIDEN as Lance walks away, **REVEALING** that one of his legs is much shorter than the other.

PETER

Oh, you know what? That chair's
always like that. Here, let me help.

QUAGMIRE

I'll get something to put under it.

Quagmire goes off screen.

JOE

Let me lift that up for you.

Joe lifts up the chair slightly. Quagmire returns with a
coaster. He hands it to Cleveland, who folds it in half and
hands it to Peter, who puts it under the leg. Joe lowers the
chair.

PETER

There we go.

MALE BAR PATRON

Wow. Thanks. Say, you guys make a
pretty good team.

JOE

We do, don't we?

CLEVELAND

You know, if we could fix that wobbly
chair, think of what else we could do
for our community.

PETER

Cleveland's right. It seems it's our
destiny to be the A-Team after all!

The guys **cheer** and drink. Quagmire turns to a WOMAN.

QUAGMIRE

Hi, there. I'm Face. Wanna sit on me?

EXT./ESTAB. THE NEW YORKER - DAY

INT. WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON'S OFFICE - SAME

Wellesley and Brian sit in leather chairs in front of the fire.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(RE: LIQUOR TRAY) Brian, let's toast to your latest article. What can I get you?

BRIAN

Oh, scotch will be fine.

Wellesley laughs a **pretentious laugh**.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Oh, Brian, how droll. Brown liquor before Labor Day. That's rich.

BRIAN

Just, uh, keeping you on your toes.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

We'll have to put that into a cartoon, or as we call it, an illustrated laughing square.

Wellesley pours a vodka drink as Brian notices a picture sitting on Wellesley's desk.

BRIAN

Wow, you went to Harvard, huh?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(CHUCKLES) Oh, yes. I knew some fine times at Harvard. I remember once we stole Princeton's mascot and wrote, "We don't care for the way you do business" on it.

(MORE)

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON (CONT'D)

(LAUGHS) They're still smarting from
that one. (THEN) And yourself?

BRIAN

Uh, I went to Brown.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

My incarcerated business partner's
retarded gay niece went to Brown.
What year did you graduate?

BRIAN

Uh, well...

INT. BROWN UNIVERSITY DORM ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CHYRON: 1999.

Brian's ROOMMATE studies while Brian chugs a beer.

ROOMMATE

Brian, shouldn't you be studying for
your physics final?

BRIAN

The hell with that man, I just got
expelled. Now, come on, let's get to
the theater. "Phantom Menace" is
gonna be the best "Star Wars" movie
ever.

INT. WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

BRIAN

Uh, I, uh, graduated in '99.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

What a coincidence! I spoke at your
graduation. No doubt you remember my
witty closing remark.

BRIAN

Oh, how could I forget it?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Say it back to me. I love the sound
of my own words coming out of someone
else's mouth.

BRIAN

Uh, your closing line. Right. Was...
uhm, I...

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(ENCOURAGING GRUNT)

BRIAN

Hope...

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(ENCOURAGING GRUNT)

BRIAN

That...

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(DISCOURAGING GRUNT)

BRIAN

When...

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(ENCOURAGING GRUNT)

BRIAN

Aaa, eeee...?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(DISCOURAGING GRUNT)

BRIAN

Iiii, Oooo...?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(DISCOURAGING GRUNT)

BRIAN

Uuuu...?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

(ENCOURAGING GRUNT)

BRIAN

You? Stay in touch with each other
over the summer?

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

You weren't there at all!

BRIAN

I'm sorry, I never graduated.

WELLESLEY SHEPHERDSON

Brian, the *New Yorker* does not employ
dropouts. You, sir, are fired!

EXT. THE NEW YORKER - MOMENTS LATER

Brian is **tossed out** onto the sidewalk. A moment later, a hand reaches out from inside the door and hangs a sign on the doorknob, that reads:

MALE BASS

NO DOGS ALLOWED.

Brian **sighs** and walks over to a grassy patch with a red dog house. He climbs up and lies on his back on top of the doghouse, like Snoopy.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Brian, Lois and Peter sit around the table. Peter is still in costume. Brian sips some scotch.

LOIS

Oh, Brian, I can't believe they fired you. How come you never told us you dropped out of college?

BRIAN

I didn't drop out. I got expelled for cheating.

LOIS

Cheating? You?

BRIAN

I just cracked under the pressure. I was only one course shy of graduating and I couldn't do it. And now it just cost me the best job I ever had.

PETER

Aw, cheer up. You're not the first person to get fired.

EXT. PLACE DE LA CONCORDE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A CROWD of onlookers has gathered as an EXECUTIONER prepares to behead KING LOUIS XVI with a guillotine.

EXECUTIONER

Look, uh, Louis, the French people really want to thank you for your services as King, but it's just not working out and we've decided to go another way. So...

The executioner **lops off** his head.

EXECUTIONER

Yeah...

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Stewie rushes in holding a camcorder up to his eye.

STEWIE

I just heard the dog got fired!

The rest of the scene is in **STEWIE'S P.O.V.**

STEWIE (O.S.)

Did I miss it?! Has he cried yet?

Come on, Brian, cry for me. Cry for
Stewie.

BRIAN

You know, not graduating from college
has haunted me for years.

LOIS

Well, Brian, if you only had one class
left, why don't you just go back and
finish? Plenty of people do that.

BRIAN

You know, Lois, that's not a bad idea.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Well, this is boring. Let's go see
what Meg is up to.

Still in **STEWIE'S P.O.V.:** Stewie exits, crosses through the living room, walks upstairs and opens Meg's door (we hear his **pitter-patter footsteps** the whole time). When he opens Meg's door, he sees her changing in her BRA and PANTIES.

STEWIE

Hello, Me--

There's a beat, then the camera falls backward, hitting the floor with a **thud** and pointing up at the ceiling. We hear the sound of **Stewie retching repeatedly** before finally **throwing up.**

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. BROWN UNIVERSITY MAIN GATE - DAY

ANGLE ON the main gate.

EXT. BROWN MAIN QUAD - SAME

PAN ACROSS STUDENTS playing frisbee, studying on the grass, etc, before stopping on a dorm building.

INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Brian enters the small, depressing ten-by-ten cement-walled room. He tosses his bag on the bottom bunk and opens it. Stewie tumbles out of the bag, **gasping desperately** for air.

BRIAN

Stewie! What the hell are you doing here?!

STEWIE

Are you kidding? I couldn't miss watching you crash and burn in this misguided attempt to finish college.

BRIAN

Look, you're not staying. I'm gonna call Lois and have her pick you up right now.

A GOTH FRESHMAN enters with luggage.

GOTH FRESHMAN

Hi, I'm your roommate, Caleb. I like cutting myself. I bleed a lot. Can I have the top bunk?

BRIAN

Uh...

STEWIE

He already has a roommate. Me. We're a couple of crazy, college kooks!

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

For example, we're about to make a
hilarious answering machine message.

Stewie presses a button on a nearby answering machine.

STEWIE

(INTO MACHINE) Uh, you've reached
Stewie and Brian. We're not here
right now. And if this is mom, send
money because we're college students
and we need money for books and
highlighters and Ramen noodles and
condoms for sexual relations with our
classmates.

Caleb slowly backs out.

BRIAN

Okay, you can stay if you want. But
what do I tell Lois?

STEWIE

You don't have to tell her anything.
Gary Coleman owed me a favor.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Lois feeds an O.S. "Stewie" a spoonful of strained peas.

LOIS

Stewie, you want some more strained
peas?

WIDEN TO REVEAL GARY COLEMAN dressed like Stewie and wearing
a Stewie head with the face cut out. He's crammed into the
high chair.

GARY COLEMAN

Whatchu talkin' 'bout, vile woman?!

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - DAY

Peter, Quagmire, Cleveland and Joe are now back in their A-Team costumes. (Note: The guys will be in these costumes for the rest of the episode unless specified.) They finish painting a red stripe on a black van and stand back to admire their work. The van looks just like the A-Team van: spray painted black, crooked red stripe around the front and sides, long antenna, etc.

PETER

There she is, boys. All done.

CLEVELAND

Peter, don't you think the rent-a-car company's gonna be mad that we painted their van?

PETER

Hey, we rented it, we own it.

QUAGMIRE

Well, I think it's time for the A-Team to roll.

A-Team type action music kicks in as they leap into the van one-by-one. Peter leaps into the passenger seat.

PETER

Yeah!

Cleveland leaps into the driver's seat.

CLEVELAND

(GROWLS)

Quagmire leaps into the back through the side door.

QUAGMIRE

All right!

ANGLE ON the back of the van.

JOE

Yeah!

The doors are open and the hydraulic wheelchair platform very, very slowly lowers toward the ground as it **beeps**.

Joe wheels himself onto the platform, which takes just as long to elevate again. When it reaches the top, Joe quickly wheels himself into the back.

JOE

Let's do it!

The van **peels out**, showering gravel.

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG POLICE STATION - DAY

INT. POLICE STATION - ARTILLERY ROOM - SAME

The guys take equipment from the shelves.

JOE

This is all police department surplus.

Here, we can put these radios in the van.

Cleveland opens a door marked "Weapons Locker," revealing a weapons storage room filled with machine guns, rifles, grenades, etc.

CLEVELAND

Holy stockpiles, look at all those guns!

PETER

Wow, do you realize the good we could do with all this fire power?

JOE

Peter, we can't take this stuff. I could lose my badge! And besides, someone could get hurt!

PETER

Hehehe. Oh, Murdoch, you and your insane rantings. Don't worry, we'll use 'em responsibly. We'll be as helpful as Hamburger Helper.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter is in the kitchen. The HAMBURGER HELPER hand is on the counter. It waves its fingers at him.

HAMBURGER HELPER

Hey there, Peter. You need a helping
hand? 'Cause I could help.

Peter takes a long beat as he slowly looks from side-to-side, intrigued.

PETER

Really? How much money we talkin'
about here?

HAMBURGER HELPER

Eh, maybe we do this one for free, you
tell your friends.

EXT./ESTAB. BROWN UNIVERSITY ACADEMIC BUILDING - DAY

INT. PHYSICS CLASS - SAME

Brian enters holding a notebook and some textbooks. He makes his way to an available empty seat next to a FEMALE COLLEGE STUDENT.

BRIAN

This is Advanced Physics, right?

She immediately pepper-sprays Brian in the face. He falls to the ground **wailing** in anguish. She continues spraying as he writhes on the floor.

FEMALE STUDENT

I have a right to defend myself as a
woman! No means no!

BRIAN

What the hell is wrong with you?!

FEMALE STUDENT

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I just came from
that orientation seminar about college
dating.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A room full of FRESHMEN watch a movie on a screen.

WOMAN ON MOVIE SCREEN

Hi, I'm Kelly McGillis and I'm here to talk to you about rape. Ladies, look to your left. Now look to your right. Statistics indicate that both of those men will rape you.

ANGLE ON a COLLEGE GIRL sitting between two GUYS. She looks nervously at them.

GUY #1

I'm not gonna rape you.

GUY #2

I might.

INT. PHYSICS CLASS - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

The professor, the QUADRIPLEGIC MAN (from episode 3ACX07), enters.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Good morning, class.

Brian is now sitting in his seat. He turns to the guy sitting next to him.

BRIAN

Hey, uh, can I borrow a pencil?

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Well, well, it looks like we have a comedian.

BRIAN

I-I wasn't making a joke, I was just--

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Well, get ready, Elaine Boosler, because you're on my list.

(MORE)

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN (CONT'D)

This whole semester I will (LOWER
PITCH) low battery.

INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Brian is laying on his bed, studying. Stewie sits on the top bunk, strumming a guitar absently, **humming** notes as he searches for the chord he wants.

BRIAN

Would you quiet down up there? This physics class is a lot harder than I thought it was gonna be.

STEWIE

Okay, sorry. Sorry.

There's a beat, then Stewie starts to sing to the tune of the Billy Joel classic "Allentown."

STEWIE

(FACTORY WHISTLE NOISES) WELL WE'RE
SITTING IN THE DORM AT BROWN. / WHERE
WE STUDY HARD AND PARTY DOWN. /
WATCHING BRIAN TRY TO GET AN AAAA.
AA. AA. / OH-OH-OH.

BRIAN

Shhh!

STEWIE

OOH-AH. (SPOKEN) You don't realize it,
but you're helping. (THEN) EVERY
STUDENT'S GOT A PRETTY GOOD SHOT / TO
GET AT LEAST THE GRADE THAT THEIR OLD
MEN GOT / BUT SOMETHING HAPPENED ON
THE WAY TO THAT PLACE. / I THREW A
DIET PEPSI RIGHT IN YOUR FACE!

He throws a cup of diet Pepsi in Brian's face.

BRIAN

Aaa, what the hell is wrong with you?!

STEWIE

It was mostly ice.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A Huey helicopter flies overhead and lands. The guys, dressed in MILITARY UNIFORMS, get out, one-by-one with Joe last, who just falls into the grass on his side.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In 2005, a group of local misfits won a costume contest at an eighties TV convention. These men promptly returned home and drank some beer.

EXT. SPOONER STREET - DAY

We slowly drift in to the Quahog skyline, which, over the following, dissolves into a solid orange-red background.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Today they survive as soldiers of fortune. If you have a problem, if no one else can help, and if you can find them, maybe you can hire... The A-Team.

A few white **bullet marks** appear on-screen, eventually spelling "The A-Team" in white letters.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

We see a shot of a jeep being flipped over by an explosion.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A bi-plane executes a barrel-roll.

INT. STORE ROOM - DAY

Peter, dressed in a WIG, MOUSTACHE and FAKE TEETH slowly removes a pair of GLASSES, and even more slowly removes a pair of teeth.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Peter, dressed in a GIANT LIZARD costume, removes a cigar from his mouth, smiles and makes a "come here" gesture.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Peter gets out as we **FREEZE FRAME**. His name appears on-screen in white letters. "Starring Peter Griffin as John 'Hannibal' Smith."

EXT. STUDIO LOT - DAY

Quagmire, in a SPORT JACKET and TIE, reacts as a CYLON walks by.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Quagmire puts on a pair of TORTOISE SHELL GLASSES, as he addresses someone off screen.

EXT. RURAL AREA - DAY

Quagmire in a RED AND BLUE GOLF SHIRT, addresses someone off screen. The image **FREEZES**. "Glenn Quagmire as Face."

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Joe, with shaving cream on his head, prepares to shave his hair, as he talks to MELINDA CULEA.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Joe salutes as he pilots a bi-plane.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Joe mugs as he talks. The image **FREEZES**. "Joe Swanson as "'Howlin' Mad' Murdoch."

INT. ROOM - DAY

Cleveland kicks in a pair of red doors.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Cleveland puts down a wrench and winks at a CHILD.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Cleveland, with a bad-ass look on his face, slowly turns to face someone in the backseat. We **FREEZE FRAME**. "Cleveland Brown as B.A. Baracus."

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

A jeep flips through the air. Peter flies out and lands on his knee.

PETER

(INHALE) Ahhh!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A LITTLE GIRL stands next to a tall tree with a small group of PEOPLE, her MOTHER and FATHER included. There's a scared CAT on a branch fifteen feet up.

LITTLE GIRL

Fluffy! Fluffy come down! Oh, Mommy,

Daddy, what are we gonna do?

The A-Team van **screeches** to a halt, **knocking** over a mailbox. The guys get out.

PETER

Don't worry sad little girl. The A-

Team will get your beloved kitty down.

(THEN) Ready, boys?

The guys all pull out large automatic weapons. They take aim at the trunk and **spray** the tree with bullets. The onlookers dive for cover and the cat scurries down the trunk and runs away. They keep shooting the trunk until they cut all the way through. The tree falls over and **crashes** through the roof of the girl's house. The onlookers cautiously approach again, as does the Little Girl, holding her terrified cat. The guys smile.

JOE

No need to thank us, it's what we do.

The guys start to walk back toward the van.

FATHER

Who the hell are you guys?

Peter whirls around to face them again as we **PUSH IN** on him. He dramatically takes a puff of his cigar.

PETER

We're the A-Team.

The guys high-five and freeze in poses, as "**A Team**" **scene-end music** kicks in.

CUT WIDER TO REVEAL the family watching incredulously. After a beat:

FATHER

Get off my property!

PETER

(BREAKING POSE) Yeah, that's probably
a good idea. Let's go.

The guys all break their frozen poses, and head toward the van.

INT. PHYSICS CLASS - DAY

The Quadriplegic Man rolls down the rows of desks, passing back quizzes.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

I have your tests from yesterday.
Some of you did well, Brian Griffin
did not. One more failure, Mr.
Griffin, and you're out of the class.

BRIAN

Oh c'mon, is it really necessary to
single me out in front of the whole
class? Isn't that like the oldest,
hackiest teaching trick in the whole
world?

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

You've got a smart mouth, young man.
You remind me of another student I
once had.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHYSICS CLASS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A HUMAN STUDENT, WHO LOOKS LIKE BRIAN, sits facing the Quadriplegic Man.

STUDENT WHO LOOKS LIKE BRIAN

What? It's a genetic disorder.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois sits on the couch, reading the newspaper. She looks up at something O.S.

LOIS

Uh, Peter, could you do that outside?

You're makin' me nervous.

We **WIDEN** to see Peter sitting in the chair, cleaning his AK-47, the barrel pointed at the ceiling.

PETER

Lois, relax. I've done this a hundred times. I could do it in the dark.

It's as easy as putting on a condom.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' DARKENED BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

LOIS (V.O.)

Was that good for you, Peter?

PETER (V.O.)

Oh, yeah, really good.

Peter **snaps on** the lamp to reveal the condom is on his nose. Lois gives him a look.

PETER

What?

LOIS

Peter, that doesn't go there.

PETER

(REALIZING) Oh, god. Then where'd I put those Groucho Marx glasses?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

(OFF NEWSPAPER) Oh, no, they're
tearin' down Roger Williams Park to
build a strip mall. I take Stewie
there all the time. Don't I, sweetie?

ANGLE ON Gary Coleman as Stewie.

GARY COLEMAN

Victory shall be mine!

PETER

That sounds like a job for the A-Team.

LOIS

Peter, I think you're taking this A-
Team thing a little too seriously. I
mean, you won a costume contest...

Over the following, Peter continues to wipe down the gun.

PETER

Lois, listen to me. I have never felt
so sure about anything in my life as I
feel about this. Now don't you worry.
We'll save your grandmother.

LOIS

No, Peter, the park--

PETER

We'll save your grandmother from the
park.

LOIS

No, Peter--

Suddenly, the gun misfires, **spraying** the ceiling with
bullets, causing it to **cave in** and sending Chris **falling**
through the ceiling.

CHRIS

Hi, Dad!

PETER

Go to your room.

CHRIS

Okay!

Chris starts up the stairs.

INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Brian sits at his desk studying. He looks haggard and stressed. Stewie hangs a picture of that famous M.C. Escher drawing of staircases.

STEWIE

What do you think? I got this at the school store. It's an M.C. Escher drawing. I think it's called "Crazy Stairs."

BRIAN

Yeah, that's great.

Stewie sits on the beanbag chair.

STEWIE

Oh, I saw Goldie Hawn on the cover of People Magazine this week. Do you know she's eighty-one?

BRIAN

Look, Stewie, I gotta finish this assignment, or I'm gonna fail this class.

Stewie scurries over to Brian, looks at his work for a beat, then scribbles some writing on his paper.

STEWIE

All done.

BRIAN

What?

Brian grabs the paper and looks at Stewie incredulously.

STEWIE

Basic Planck's Hypothesis. Feel free to check my math. It's the part with all the numbers.

BRIAN

Stewie, I can't use this. It'd be cheating. That's how I got here in the first place.

STEWIE

Fine.

Stewie **crumples up** the paper and throws it in the garbage.

STEWIE

Listen, I'll be out on the quad. You know what I've discovered about myself since I've been in college? I am so all about ultimate frisbee. Give me a shout if my grinder gets here.

Stewie picks up a frisbee and spins it on his finger as he exits. Brian tries to go back to work, but his eyes wander over to the garbage can. After a beat, he takes Stewie's work out of the trash, **sighs**, then starts flattening it out with his hands. Suddenly, Stewie's frisbee comes flying in through the window, hitting the Escher picture. It falls, **shattering**.

STEWIE

Oh, no! Did that hit "Crazy Stairs"?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. BROWN UNIVERSITY ACADEMIC BUILDING - DAY

INT. PHYSICS CLASS - SAME

Brian sits amongst his classmates. The Quadriplegic Man is at the front of the class.

FEMALE STUDENT

(TO BRIAN) Is it me, or was that last assignment impossible?

BRIAN

(CHUCKLING) What does he think we are, Asian?

Brian notices an ASIAN STUDENT next to him.

BRIAN

(AWKWARD) Of course, some of us are. And they're probably great at math. Or not. And that's good, too.

ANGLE ON the Quadriplegic Man.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

I graded your assignments. Clearly, there's only one amongst you who understands the material. Brian Griffin.

The students around Brian stare at him. Brian smiles sheepishly.

BRIAN

Heh. Just got lucky, I guess.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

No, Brian. I underestimated you.

(THEN) Here, let me put a smiley face on your test.

The Quadriplegic Man approaches Brian's desk.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

May I borrow your pen?

He opens his mouth.

BRIAN

(AWKWARD) You, uh, want me to just...
stick it in there?

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

Yes.

Brian puts his pen in the mouth of the Quadriplegic Man, who then strains to lean forward, whereupon he falls, **hitting** the desk with his face on the paper. He laboriously **grunts** as he strains to draw a smiley face on Brian's test.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

There. You've earned that.

Brian, after a beat, pulls it out from under his head and looks at the smiley face.

ANGLE ON the smiley face, which is an undecipherable scrawl.

INT. STUDENT ACTIVITY CENTER - NIGHT

Stewie wears a "Student Activities Committee" T-shirt as he serves cups of beer from behind a table. A STUDENT shows Stewie his wristband and hands Stewie a beer ticket. Stewie takes the ticket and gives him a beer. A CUTE GIRL STUDENT hands Stewie a beer ticket.

STEWIE

Gotta see your wristband.

CUTE GIRL

(OFF BARE WRIST) It must have fallen
off.

STEWIE

(KNOWINGLY) I'll take your word for
it.

Stewie smiles and gives her a beer.

CUTE GIRL

(SMILES) Thanks.

She turns to leave.

STEWIE

(AWKWARDLY) Stewie Griffin. Miller
Hall, room 314. I've got a down
comforter.

The cute girl leaves quickly.

STEWIE

(TO HIMSELF) Slut.

Brian enters.

STEWIE

I need to see your wristband.

BRIAN

Stewie, just give me a beer. I've had
a bad day.

Brian grabs a beer and sits down next to him.

BRIAN

(SIGH) I cheated on that assignment.

STEWIE

Seriously, man, you can't sit there
and drink that beer next to me without
a wristband.

BRIAN

I didn't go through the trouble of
coming back to college just to cheat
my way through. I wanted to do it on
my own.

STEWIE

You came back here to get your degree.
Why make it hard on yourself? Plenty
of people cheat.

INT. SNL STAGE - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

JUDE LAW stands in the foreground.

JUDE LAW

Once again, Ashlee Simpson.

ANGLE ON ASHLEE SIMPSON standing on stage with the band. She opens her mouth to sing, but then freezes as "Old Man River" begins to play.

VOICE (V.O.)

OLD MAN RIVER / THAT OLD MAN RIVER, /
HE MUST KNOW SOMETHING / BUT DON'T SAY
NOTHING.

Ashlee sheepishly does a jig off stage.

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG CONSTRUCTION - DAY

INT. QUAHOG CONSTRUCTION BOARDROOM - SAME

A group of EXECUTIVES sit around a conference table, looking at a small model of a strip mall.

EXECUTIVE #1

Gentlemen, by paving over Roger
Williams park we will not only stop
oxygen from spewing into the
environment, we will also create six
new jobs for Americans.

EXECUTIVE #2

Yeah, trees are gay!

The doors **burst** open. Peter, Cleveland, Quagmire and Joe enter, wielding their guns.

PETER

Good day, gentlemen.

EXECUTIVE #1

I beg your pardon. This is a closed
meeting. If you don't leave
immediately, I'm calling the police.

PETER

The police? The police? But, my good man, who will police the police? You? God? The police?

EXECUTIVE #1

What?

PETER

The A-Team is here to put an end to your plans. Open fire, boys.

Cleveland, Quagmire and Joe **fire** their guns at the model on the table, shooting it to pieces.

PETER

Mission accomplished.

They exit.

EXECUTIVE #2

Oh, no! They destroyed the mini-mall!

EXECUTIVE #1

Wait a minute, this might be for the best. It just occurred to me that it might have been too small for the site. Suppose we built a larger version?

EXT./ESTAB. QUADRIPLAGIC MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a nice old brick house.

INT. QUADRIPLAGIC MAN'S HOUSE - SAME

A cocktail party is underway. PROFESSORS mingle with the Quadriplegic Man. Brian, wearing a TIE, enters.

QUADRIPLAGIC MAN

Ah, Brian. I'm glad you could come to my faculty cocktail party. I wanted everyone to meet my star student.

BRIAN

Uh, actually, professor, there's something I wanted to talk to you about--

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

Let me introduce my wife, Denise.

A Quadriplegic Woman wheels up.

QUADRIPLLEGIC WOMAN

Dammit, Tim, you forgot to put out the dip.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

Denise, don't start with me in front of our guests.

He rams her with his wheelchair.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

Do you think I like hitting you?

He turns back to Brian.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

I'm sorry you had to see that.

BRIAN

Look, sir, I really need to confess something to you. That assignment I turned in--

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

You know, Brian, before you came along I was going to quit teaching and pursue my first love: traveling from town-to-town, solving mysteries.
(THEN) But you have inspired me.

(MORE)

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN (CONT'D)

If you can learn, maybe one day I can walk. Now what was it you wanted to say?

BRIAN

Uh. Nothing.

The Quadriplegic Woman wheels up again.

QUADRIPLLEGIC WOMAN

You were supposed to get ice, jackass. One thing. One thing I ask you to do.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

Dammit, Denise. Get off my back or so help me. So help me.

Another PROFESSOR leans into Brian.

PROFESSOR

Don't worry. I hear they have great make-up sex.

INT. QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

The Quadriplegic Man and Woman, still in their chairs, lay on the bed on their sides, facing each other.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN/QUADRIPLLEGIC WOMAN

Oh. / Oh. / Oh. / Oh. / Yeah. / Oh. /
Oh. / Oh. / Oh.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN

I thought about this all day.

QUADRIPLLEGIC MAN/QUADRIPLLEGIC WOMAN

Oh. / Oh. / Oh. / Oh.

QUADRIPLLEGIC WOMAN

Not so fast. You're hurting me.

EXT./ESTAB. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

A crowd **roars** and the stadium sign reads, "Today - Brown Vs. Board of Education."

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - SAME

Stewie sits in the bleachers, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST WITH A BIG "B" PAINTED ON HIS CHEST, next to FOUR GUYS, whose painted chests complete the word "Brown." Stewie **whoops** as a player for Brown catches a pass.

STEWIE

Woo! (CHANTING) Perfect catch by our
man Jackson! Thank you, thank you
affirmative action!

Stewie **laughs** and **high-fives** with the shirtless guy next to him. Brian mopes down the steps in the aisle next to Stewie.

BRIAN

Come on, we're going home.

STEWIE

What the devil are you talking about?

BRIAN

My final exam is tomorrow and I don't
want to cheat. And if that means
admitting I'm not cut out for college,
well then, I'll just have to live with
it.

STEWIE

We can't leave. It's almost halftime
and we all took dumps in the tuba.

From O.S. we hear the marching band start to **play a riff** that ends with the tuba blowing a note, immediately after which we hear **screams** from the tuba player and others.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Okay, we can go.

EXT. ROGER WILLIAMS PARK - DAY

A group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS mark trees for chopping. The A-Team van **roars** up, **skidding** to a stop, kicking dirt up everywhere. The guys jump out except for Joe, who is slowly being lowered on his ramp. They point guns at the workers.

FOREMAN

Hey, what are you guys doing? This is a job site!

PETER

(WITH A CIGAR IN HIS TEETH) No, it's not. This is Roger Williams park and we're here to stop you from destroying it.

Peter **cocks** his gun.

FOREMAN

Whoa, whoa, what are you gonna do, kill us?

PETER

Huh? Oh, no, no, we wouldn't do that. We'll probably just shoot the ground all around you, to make you scared, then you'll jump in your truck and speed off, hit something, and do a wicked flip through the air.

FOREMAN

Well, that'd kill us.

PETER

Naah, you guys'll just roll out of the vehicle and dust yourself off and lumber back to your hide-out, defeated!

FOREMAN

Buddy, I had a cousin got in a fender-bender at five miles an hour.

(MORE)

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Messed his neck up, he's got partial numbness. He's just not the same guy anymore.

CLEVELAND

Was he wearing his safety belt?

FOREMAN

Thank god.

PETER

Yeah, 'cause, you know, I know this guy who took his car in for an oil change, then later he got in a wreck, and the airbag didn't deploy. Turns out they stole it. Sold it for spare parts.

FOREMAN

No way!

JOE

It happens. They call 'em "chop shops." Makes it harder to track stolen parts.

PETER

Geez, that is awful. Well, look, you guys got a lot 'a work to do. We should probably get out of your hair.

They all **ad-lib good-byes**, as they get back in the van.

CLEVELAND

It's looking very nice, by the way.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

The guys sit glumly around the table.

JOE

We blew it, didn't we?

PETER

Boy, you can say that again. We were right there ready to save Roger Williams park and we got sidetracked by idle conversation.

CLEVELAND

We're a terrible A-Team.

QUAGMIRE

You know what the problem is, we didn't stay focused.

PETER

That's exactly it, we didn't stay focused. I mean, we were right there, you know, and then we just -- somehow just -- I mean... well, it's already been said, we didn't stay focused.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Brian sits on the couch drinking a martini, watching TV.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now back to Menopausal Judge.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (ON TV)

A Judge Judy-like JUDGE presides over a DEFENDANT and PLAINTIFF.

JUDGE

So, who's money was it?

DEFENDANT

What happened was--

JUDGE

Shut up! Shut up! Zip it! How much money?

PLAINTIFF

Well, I--

JUDGE

Shut up! Oh my god, it's hot! My bone density feels off! Who's that guy?

DEFENDANT

That's my broth--

JUDGE

Shut up! Dammit, it's freezing!

The Judge starts to **sob**.

DEFENDANT

Your honor--

JUDGE

Shut up!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Stewie enters with Gary Coleman, who is still in his Stewie disguise.

STEWIE

Gary, listen, thanks so much for filling in for me.

GARY COLEMAN

Yeah, no problem, Stewie. Maybe we could hang out some time, grab drinks or something.

STEWIE

Um... Yeah, I don't think that's
going to be a possibility.

GARY COLEMAN

Really, I--

STEWIE

Yeah, you know I'd let you finish, but
I've got so much on my plate right
now. I'm going to go ahead and say
no.

They stare at each other for a beat. Stewie picks up the
phone.

STEWIE

(DIALING) Nine. One. (THEN) Your
move, Coleman.

They stare for another short beat.

GARY COLEMAN

(BLEEP) you.

Gary Coleman exits O.S. Lois enters the front door with
groceries.

LOIS

Brian! What are you doing home?

BRIAN

I couldn't do it, Lois. I thought I'd
be able to finish this time, but at
the first sign of pressure I cheated
again.

LOIS

You got expelled?

BRIAN

Well, no one found out, but I figured
I'd just quit and admit to myself that
I'm a failure.

ANGLE ON Stewie, playing with blocks under the window.
Through the window, we see Gary Coleman sneak back onto the
lawn. Stewie notices him.

STEWIE

Hey! Hey! What did I say?! Get out
of here!

Stewie runs O.S. Through the window, we see him run out on
the lawn and bang two trash can lids together, as he runs
toward Gary. Gary angrily runs off again.

ANGLE ON Lois and Brian.

LOIS

But you're so close. I mean, your
final exam's tomorrow. You can't just
give up. You could study tonight and
I think if you really work at it--

BRIAN

Lois, Lois, it's over, all right? I'm
not going.

LOIS

Huh, okay. Well, I guess we could
find things to do if you stay here.
(THEN) Hey, what's in this closet?

BRIAN

What are you doing?

Lois opens the closet door, revealing the vacuum cleaner.

LOIS

Well, my, my, Mr. Hoover's come to visit.

BRIAN

I-I don't wanna see Mr. Hoover.

Lois takes the vacuum out. Brian starts to nervously back away.

LOIS

I wonder if Mr. Hoover has anything to say about all this.

BRIAN

Lois, this is not funny. I really don't wanna--

Lois **turns on** the vacuum and starts "vacuuming" toward Brian, chasing him around the room.

BRIAN

Stop it! Stop it! It's scaring me!
(TO VACUUM) Leave me alone!

Brian runs over and **kicks** the vacuum then runs away.

BRIAN

It's so loud! Stop it! All right,
all right! I'll study!

Lois **shuts off** the vacuum.

LOIS

I'll help you if you want.

BRIAN

No thanks, Lois. There's only one person who can help me.

EXT./ESTAB. SNOW-COVERED BARN - DAY

SLOW PUSH IN on the barn, as "**Hearts on Fire**" from "Rocky IV" plays.

INT. BARN - SAME

ANGLE ON Stewie, who watches something O.S., with his arms folded. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** Brian jumping rope.

INT. BARN - DAY

Stewie sits up in the loft, holding Brian's ankles, as Brian does crunches over the edge.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Snow lays on the ground as Brian, **WEARING A LEATHER BOMBER JACKET** and **KNIT CAP**, chops wood with an ax next to Stewie.

INT. BARN - DAY

Stewie holds boxing mitts, as Brian **punches** them with fast left-right jabs.

INT. BARN - DAY

Brian, wearing a **BLACK TANK TOP** and **BLACK SPANDEX PANTS**, with great effort, pulls a rope attached to a pulley in the ceiling, raising a net filled with boulders. Stewie looks on.

INT. BARN - DAY

Brian does leg lifts on a bench, as Stewie watches, arms folded.

STEWIE

No pain. No pain.

INT. BARN - DAY

Brian does trunk twists with a large yoke on his shoulders.

INT. BARN - DAY

Brian stares intently into a mirror, to which is taped a photo of the Quadriplegic Man. He tears the photo off the mirror and crumples it, as we **ZOOM IN** on his intense face in the mirror.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN - DAY

We see various shots of Brian running up the mountain until he reaches the peak.

HELICOPTER AERIAL SHOT of Brian throwing up his arms victoriously.

BRIAN

(SHOUTING) Drago!

The **music stops abruptly**, as Stewie walks into frame next to Brian.

STEWIE

You know, the exam's in three hours.

BRIAN

Aw, crap. All we've done is work out.

STEWIE

We should study.

BRIAN

Right.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the **music kicks in again**, Brian sits on the couch very casually thumbing through some notes, highlighting different sections. Stewie sits next to him, reading a magazine. As the **music continues** pumping to its finish, Brian turns back a couple pages, erases something, then continues flipping through the notes for a very long time.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Peter, no longer in costume, sits drinking a beer, as Lois enters.

PETER

Lois, can I get another beer? This one's makin' me depressed.

LOIS

Peter, you're not wearin' your costume anymore.

PETER

What's the point, Lois? We didn't help anybody. We somehow managed to make a laughing stock out of the A-Team.

Brian hurries in, bleary-eyed.

BRIAN

Oh, my god! I overslept! My final exam's in twenty minutes!

LOIS

Brian, you'll never make it back in time. (POINTEDLY, TO PETER) Unless there was some kind of team of people who could get you back there. Peter, do you know anybody like that?

PETER

I don't know. Mumenschantz?

PAN TO a couple of MUMENSCHANTZ PERFORMERS, in black body stockings from head-to-toe and toilet paper rolls over their eyes. They both shake their heads, "No," then pull the toilet paper rolls to simulate crying.

BACK ON Peter, Lois and Brian.

LOIS

No, Peter! I'm talkin' about the A-Team!

Peter jumps to his feet.

PETER

Oh, my god, you're right, Lois. Come on, Brian, we'll get you to that exam on time.

They rush out the door. Peter then re-enters.

PETER

I just gotta hit the can first.

Peter grabs a roll of toilet paper from one of the Mumenschantz Performer's "eyes" and exits.

EXT. STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON the A-Team van's wheels kicking up dust, as it **peels out**. The van drives off.

INT. A-TEAM VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Cleveland drives. Peter is in the front passenger seat. Joe, Quagmire and Brian are in the back.

CLEVELAND

(LOOKING IN DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR) Uh-
oh. We got company.

PETER

Not for long.

Peter grabs a machine gun and heads into the back of the van. Brian looks in the mirror on his side.

BRIAN

Uh, that's a family of six in a
station wagon.

PETER

Not for long.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

A FAMILY OF SIX rides in the car.

FAMILY

(SINGING) A SWISS MISS WENT YODELING ON
A MOUNTAIN SO HIGH, / AND ALONG CAME A
CUCKOO BIRD INTERRUPTING HER CRY.

Suddenly, the Mother **screams**. Through the windshield, we see Peter in the back of the van, holding a machine gun. He fires at the car, **spraying** the fender and tires with bullets. The car **careens** off the side of the road and into a ditch.

INT. A-TEAM VAN - CONTINUOUS

Peter watches the station wagon.

PETER

Thanks for playin'.

He cockily puts a cigar in his mouth.

EXT. DITCH - CONTINUOUS

The Mother hits a button on the ceiling of the station wagon.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

On Star.

MOTHER

Help us.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, you didn't pay your bill
this month. But we're sending
vultures to your location.

Three VULTURES immediately begin circling the car, **screeching wildly**.

EXT. BROWN CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER

The A-Team van **plows** through the front gates of Brown.

INT. A-TEAM VAN - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Which building's your test in?

BRIAN

Uh, that one over there.

EXT. BROWN CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

The A-Team van **races** across the lawn. Students dive out of the way.

INT. PHYSICS CLASS - CONTINUOUS

The Quadriplegic Man sits at the head of the class of students ready to take their exam.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

You may start your exams...

The van **plows through** the side of the building. Brian **flies** through the windshield, and **lands** at his desk, pen in hand.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

...Now.

Brian starts writing with the other students.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

The family sits at the table. Brian enters.

LOIS

Well, how'd you do?

BRIAN

I failed.

PETER

Then what the hell are you smilin'
for?

BRIAN

I did it myself. I studied and I took
the test. I didn't cheat this time.

A long beat.

LOIS

Wow, you probably should have.

PETER

I was just gonna say...

The whole family chimes in, **mumbling**.

BRIAN

Look, it doesn't matter how it turned
out. I did it on my own, which means
I have my pride. And that's
something.

Another uncomfortable beat.

LOIS

No, it's not.

PETER

What are you outta your mind?

STEWIE

Crazy!

MEG

What a loser!

CHRIS

I hate you!

Chris runs out. There's another long, uncomfortable beat, as the family looks disapprovingly at Brian.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW